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From the N. Y. Tribune.

NOBLEMEN.

BY D. C. STUART.

The noblemen I know on Earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder fame
Than follows king or warrior's name.

The working men! what e'er their task,
To carve the stone, or bear the hod—
They wear upon their honest brow
The royal stamp, and seal of God!
And brighter are their drops of sweat,
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the honest noble men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines, and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Not going to the ball?" said Mrs. Lindley, with a look and tone of surprise. "What has come over the girl?"

"I don't know, she says she is not going."

"Doesn't her ball dress fit?"

"Yes, beautifully."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Indeed, ma, I cannot tell. You had better go up and see her. It is the strangest notion in the world. Why, you couldn't hire me to stay at home."

Mrs. Lindley went up stairs, and entering her daughter's room, found her sitting on the side of the bed, with a beautiful ball dress in her hand.

"It isn't possible, Helen, that your not going to this ball?" she said.

Helen looked up with a half serious, half smiling expression on her face.

"I've been trying, for the last half hour," she replied, "to decide whether I ought to go, or remain at home."

"But what earthly reason can you have for doing so? Don't you like your dress?"

"Oh, yes! very much. I think it beautiful."

"Doesn't it fit you?"

"As well as any dress I ever had."

"Are you not well?"

"Very well."

"Then why not go to the ball? It will be the best and most fashionable one of the season.—

You know that your father and myself are both going. We shall want to see you there, of course. Your father will require some very good reason for your absence."

Helen looked perplexed at her mother's last remark.

"Do you think father will be displeased if I remain at home?" she asked.

"I think he will, unless you can satisfy him that your reason for so doing is a very good one. Nor shall I feel that you are doing right. I wish my children to act under the government of a sound judgment. Impulse, or reasons not to be spoken of freely to their parents should in no case influence their actions."

Helen sat thoughtful for more than a minute, and then said, her eyes growing dim as she spoke—

"I wish to stay at home for Edward's sake."

"And why for his, my dear?"

"He does not go to the ball, you know."

"Because he is too young, and too backward. You couldn't hire him to go there. But, that is no reason why you should remain at home. You would never partake of any social amusement, were this always to influence you. Let him spend his evenings in reading. He must not expect his sisters to deny themselves all recreation in which he can not or will not participate."

"He does not. I know he would not hear to such a thing as my staying at home on his account."

"Then why stay?"

"Because I feel that I ought to do so. This is the way I have felt all day, whenever I have thought of going. If I were to go, I know that I would not have a moment's enjoyment. He need not know why I remain at home. To tell him I did not wish to go will satisfy his mind."

"I shall not urge the matter, Helen," Mrs. Lindley said, after a silence of some moments. "You are old enough to judge in a matter of this kind for yourself. But I say I think you rather foolish. You will not find Edward disposed to sacrifice so much for you."

"Of that I do not think, mother. Of that I ought not to think."

"Perhaps not. Well, you may do as you like. But I do not know what your father will say."

Mrs. Lindley then left the room.

Edward Lindley was at the critical age of eighteen, that period when many young men, especially those who have been blessed with sisters would have highly enjoyed a ball. But Edward was shy, bashful, and timid in company, and could hardly be induced to go out to parties with his sisters. Still, he was intelligent for his years, and companionable. His many good qualities endeared him to his family, and drew forth from his sisters towards him a very tender regard.

Among his male friends were several about his own age, members of families with whom his own were on friendly terms. With these he associated frequently, and with two or three others

quite intimately. For a month or two, Helen noticed that one or another of these young friends called every now and then for Edward, and that he went out with them, and stayed till bed time. But unless his sisters were from home he never went out of his own accord. The fact of his being out with these young men had from the first troubled Helen, though the reason of her feeling troubled she could not tell. Edward had good principles, and she could not bring herself to entertain fears of any clearly defined evil. Still, a sensation of uneasiness was always produced when he was away in the evening.

Her knowing that Edward would go out when they had all left, was the reason why Helen did not wish to attend the ball. The first thought of this had produced an unpleasant sensation in her mind, which increased the longer she debated the question of going away or remaining at home. Finally she decided that she would not go. The decision took place after the interview with her mother, which was only half an hour from the time of starting.

Edward knew nothing of the intention of his sister. He was in his own room, dressing to go out, and supposed, when he heard the carriage drive from the door, that Helen had gone with the other members of the family. On descending to the parlor he was surprised to find her sitting at the centre table with a book in her hand.

"Helen! is this you? I thought you had gone to the ball. Are you not well?" he said quickly, and with surprise, coming up to her side.

"I am very well, brother," she replied, looking into his face with a smile of sisterly regard.

"But I have concluded to stay at home this evening. I am going to keep you company."

"Are you, indeed! right glad am I of it! though I am sorry you have deprived yourself of the pleasure of this ball, which I believe is to be a brilliant one. I was just going out because it is so dull at home when you are all away."

"I am not particularly desirous of going to the ball—so little so, that the thoughts of your being left here all alone had sufficient influence over me to keep me away."

"Indeed! Well I must say you are kind," Edward returned with feeling. The self-sacrificing act of his sister had touched him sensibly.

Both Helen and her brother played well. She upon the harp and piano, and he upon the flute and violin. Both were fond of music, and practiced and played frequently together. Part of the evening was spent in this way, much to the satisfaction of each. Then an hour passed in reading and conversation, after which music was again resorted to. Thus passed the time pleasantly until the hour for retiring came, when they separated, both with an internal feeling of pleasure much more delightful than they had experienced for a long time. It was nearly three o'clock before Mr. Lindley, and the daughter who had accompanied them to the ball came home. Hours before, the houses of both Helen and Edward had been locked in forgetfulness.

Time passed on. Edward Lindley grew up and became a man of sound principle—a blessing to his family and society. He saw his sister well married; and himself, finally led to the altar a lovely maiden. She made him a truly happy husband. On the night of his wedding, as he sat beside Helen, he paused for some time, in the midst of a pleasant conversation, thoughtfully.—At last he said—

"Do you remember, sister, the night you staid at home from the ball to keep me company?"

"That was many years ago. Yet I remember it well, now you have recalled it to my mind."

"I have often since thought, Helen," he said, with a serious air, "that by that simple act of remaining at home for my sake, you were the means of saving me from destruction."

"How so?" asked the sister.

"I was just then beginning to form an intimate association with young men of my own age, nearly all of whom have since turned out badly. I did not care a great deal about their company; still, I liked society, and used to be with them frequently,—especially when you and Mary went out in the evening. On the night of the ball, to which you were going, these young men had a supper, and I was to have been with them, and preferred doing so to remaining at home alone. To find you, as I did, so unexpectedly in the parlor, was an agreeable surprise indeed. I staid at home with a new pleasure which was heightened by the thought, that it was your love for me that made you deny yourself for my gratification.—We read together on that evening, we played together, we talked of many things. In your mind I had never seen so much to inspire my own with high and pure thoughts. I remembered the conversation of the young men with whom I had been associated, and in which I had taken pleasure, with something like disgust. It was low, sensual, and too much of it vile and demoralizing. Never, from that hour, did I join them. Their way even in the early stages of life's journey, I saw to be downward, and downward it has ever since been tending. How often since have I thought of that point in time, so fully fraught with good and evil influences. Those few hours spent with you seemed to take scales from my eyes. I saw with a new vision. I thought and felt differently.—Had you gone to the ball, and I to meet those young men, no one can tell what might have been the consequences. Sensual indulgences carried to excess, amid songs and sentiments calculated to awaken evil instead of good feelings, might have stamped upon my young and delicate mind a bias to low affections that never would have been eradicated. That was the starting point in life—the period when I was coming into a state of rationality and freedom. The good prevailed over the evil; and by the agency of my sister, as an angel sent by the Author of all benefits to save me.

A good story is told of a poor fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain grogery, and being one day faint and feeble and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him for a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply: "I never make a practice of doing such things."

The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, whom he had known in better days saying, "Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him; he took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it, replaced the glass with evident satisfaction; he then turned to the man who lent him the sixpence, and said, "Here sir, is the sixpence I owe you; I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my grog bill!"

MRS. BEMAN.—This celebrated shirt manufacturer was so poor, in the winter of 1844, as to have been in danger of starvation. She now employs 400 hands, occupies one of the Astor House stores, New York, at a rent of \$2000 per annum, and is on the high road to fortune.

THE MADMAN, ALCOHOL.

Long before Noah floated safely over the waves of the Flood, this madman lived; and like the interminable mortal punishment of the Wandering Jew, has lived, coursing over the whole earth until this day.

Most cunningly has he changed his desires and habits for every age, clime and nation.

Amid ancient luxury and taste, he but sported with and enchanted the finer feelings, drawing from the vine's graceful cluster only, his wand and cantation. As pampered humanity raised to godship the different passions of the soul, this madman had only to wreath his brow with ivy and vine leaves, sing, shout and dance, and then before his self-erected pedestal, behold nations prostrate bacchanals.

Now, bolder grown, he lost the wild hilarity of the feast and couch-chamber—the soft delirium of oriental pleasure, and became gross, raving, demoniac. With oaths and blows, he trampled on the altar of domestic and parental love; with a bestial laugh he quenched the filial fire in children's hearts; as the holy matrimonial flame still gleamed from heaven, he brushed it out—then hissed and howled.

The madman grew into a fiend. He tore and ploughed a desolate track through all the earth.—He grovelled in besotted loathsomeness. He glared in burning frenzy. He robbed, tortured and killed with fierce, unearthly, devilish vengeance.

Did Man, a being endowed with God imaged faculties and will, turn and flee from this madman? We will see. The robed king ascends the throne with the interests of millions in the wave of his sceptre. Who sits by his side, to chuckle and gibe, and sway, to share the throne the purple and the power? This madman.

The anointed rises in the pulpit to break the word of life to hungering souls. Who is beckoned to his side, and there, screened by the sacred desk, prompts, and prays and teaches, and "in priestly robes defies heaven"? It is this madman. Who mingles in the ranks of war-driven soldiery, and under the guise of courage, bears on to brutal conflict and to death? Who sits by the General's side, when he hears the plaudits of a devoted army and the gratitude of his country?—who, but this ever-present madman! And from his burning gaze the general dare not turn, for there is more fascination in them than in the cry of victory. Rough, fierce and loathsome still, this madman grasps the hand and bows the statesman beneath his glance; he creeps to the ambassador's side, and is welcomed.

Unsatiated with station, power or intellect, the monster looks upon the hopes which float above the infant's cradle, and ere the cherub is grown a man, he crushes them in infancy. He turns to the brightness which overhangs the marriage altar, and ere its beauty leaves the memory, he quenches it in destitution and despair. Childhood has no purity he does not wipe away; manhood no strength he does not wrestle with and overthrow—age no wisdom he does not smother. He riots freely upon youth, beauty, happiness and intellect—and still ungorged, he will destroy all the good God ever gave, unless a power can be found to chain him in everlasting dungeons. THAT POWER EXISTS, not only in the strength of national and local enactments, but in feeble age, in ardent manhood, wayward youth, in woman;—a power which can meet this madman, Alcohol, and with heaven-born defiance, stay his hell-driving career. IT IS WILL.—[True Kindred.

The young leaves of the whortleberry, properly gathered and dried in the shade cannot be distinguished from real China teas.

MISFORTUNE.—It is generally a wiser plan to meet misfortune boldly, than to wait for it in inaction. By encountering it in its fullest extent, we may more easily discover how to escape some of its ill consequences.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

From Sketches of Reforms and Reformers. By H. B. Stanton.

It would do injustice to my own feelings and the facts of history, to leave it to be inferred, from my silence, that the Women of England have not furnished some of the brightest names in the galaxy of Modern Reformers.

Looking over so casually in this direction, what figure so promptly meets the eye as that of ELIZABETH FRY—the friend of the prisoner, the bondman, the lunatic, the beggar—who has been aptly named "the female Howard"? Mrs. Fry hardly deserves more credit for the benevolent impulses of her heart, than for the dignity and urbanity of her manners. They were natural, for they were born with her. The daughter of John, and the sister of Joseph and Samuel Gurney, could hardly be else than the embodiment of that charity which never faileth, that philanthropy which embraces every form of human misery, and that amenity which proffers the cup of kindness with an angel's grace. In youth, her personal attractions, and the vivacity of her conversation, made her the idol of the social circle, and severe was her struggle in deciding whether to become the reigning belle of the neighborhood, or devote her life to assuaging the sorrows of a world of suffering and crime. Happily, she resolved that Humanity had higher claims upon her than Fashion. Her resolution once formed, she immediately entered upon the holy mission to which, for nearly half a century, she consecrated that abounding benevolence and winning grace, which, in her girlhood, were the pride of her parents and the delight of her companions.

Though her eye was ever open to discover, and her hand to relieve, all forms of sorrow, it was to the inmates of the madhouse and the penitentiary that she mainly devoted her exertions. Wonderful was her power over the insane. The keenest magnetic eye of the most experienced keeper paled and grew feeble in its sway over the raving maniac, compared with the tones of her magic voice. Equally fascinating was her influence over prisoners and felons. Many a time, in spite of the sneers of vulgar turnkeys, and the positive assurances of respectable keepers, that her purse and even her life would be at stake if she entered the wards of the prison, she boldly went in amongst the swearing, quarreling wretches, and with the doors bolted behind her, encountered them with dignified demeanor and kindly words, that soon produced a state of order and repose which whips and chains had vainly endeavored to enforce. Possessing peculiar powers of eloquence, (why may not a woman be an "orator?") she used to assemble the prisoners, address them in a style of charming tenderness all her own, win their assent to regulations for their conduct which she proposed, shake hands with them, give and receive a blessing, return to the keeper's room, and be received by him with almost as much astonishment and awe as Darius exhibited toward Daniel, when he emerged from the den of lions.

In this way, Mrs. Fry made frequent examinations of the prisons of England. She pursued her holy work on the Continent, visited prisons in France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Germany and Prussia. In the early part of her career, she encountered both at home and abroad some rudeness, and many rebuffs. But her ever-present dignity, tact and kindness, at length won the confidence and plaudits of the great majority of her own countrymen, and of many philanthropists and titled personages in other lands. She was a favorite of the Kings of Prussia and Denmark—the former, when in England, paying her a complimentary visit at her own house. She sought frequent occasions to press, in person, the subject of her mission upon the attention of crowned heads and ministers of state. She accomplished a great work in the cause of Prison Reform, in ameliorating the Penal Code, and improving the condition of convict ships and penal colonies.

A special mouth-piece in Parliament was her father-in-law, Mr. Buxton—her measures were supported by Mackintosh and other illustrious Senators—and it is the highest tribute to the dignity which her rare excellences threw over her enterprises, that they got the better of Sidney Smith's love of ridicule, and drew from him two or three articles in their favor in the Edinburgh Review. This greatly useful and greatly beloved woman died in 1845, at the age of sixty-six. To her may be applied with equal propriety Burke's beautiful tribute to Howard:

"She visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples: not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, nor to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the miseries of all men in all countries. Her plan was original: it was as full of genius as humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already, the benefit of her labor is felt more or less in every country."

WOMAN AT HOME.

Such is the position in society which many estimable women are called upon to fill, that, unless they have stored their minds with general knowledge during the season of youth, they never have the opportunity of doing so afterwards. How valuable, then, is such a store to draw upon for thought, when the mind throughout the day is busily employed, and sometimes when the head is weary! It is then that knowledge not only sweetens labor, but often, when the task is ended, and a few social friends are met together, it comes forth unbidden, in those glimpses of illumination, which a well informed, intelligent woman is able to strike out of the humblest material. It is then that, without the slightest display, her memory helps her to throw in those apt allusions, which clothe the most familiar objects in borrowed light, and make us feel, after having enjoyed her society, as if we had been introduced to a new and more intelligent existence than we had enjoyed before. But it would be impossible for an ignorant and consequently, a short-sighted, prejudiced woman, to exercise this influence over us. We soon perceive the bounds of the narrow circle within which she reasons with self, even in the centre: we detect the opinions of others in her own, and we feel the vulgarity with which her remarks may turn upon ourselves the moment we are absent.

But how different is the enjoyment, the repose we feel, in the society of a well informed woman, who has acquired, in early youth, the habit of looking beyond the little affairs of every-day existence—from matter to mind, from action to principle, from time to eternity! The gossip of society, that many-toned organ of discord, seldom reaches her: even slander, which so often slays the innocent, she is in many cases able to discern. Under all the little crosses and perplexities which necessarily belong to household cares, she is able to look calmly at their comparative insignificance, and thus they can never disturb her peace; while in all the pleasures of intellectual and social intercourse, it is her privilege to give as bountifully as she receives. [Mrs. Ellis.]

MEMORIAL.—A memorial to the Legislature of Pennsylvania is in circulation in the western counties, praying that body to so alter and amend the present act of Assembly, as to require the affidavits instead of the mere certificates of twelve citizens to the petition for a tavern license, and also to make provision that any one guilty of false swearing in such cases, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of perjury. [N. Y. Organ.]

THE YOUNG FLY.

[Translated from the French for the Lily.]

BY E. M. Allen

A young fly was with her mother on the side of a fireplace, near a kettle where some broth was boiling.

The old fly who had business elsewhere which required attention, said to her daughter as she flew away, "Remain where thou art, my child, and do not quit thy place 'until my return.'" "Why not, mamma?" asked the little one. "Because I am afraid that thou wilt approach that boiling fountain, (for so she called the kettle of broth,) too closely." "And why should I not approach it?" "Because thou wilt fall in it and be drowned." "And why will I fall in it?" "I cannot tell thee the reason—trust in my experience. Whenever a fly allows herself to go over one of those fountains, from which exhales so much vapor, I have noticed that she falls in and is never seen again."

The mother thought she had said enough, and so she flew away. But the little one disregarded her advice and said to herself, "Old people are always too anxious." Why should mamma wish to deprive me of the innocent pleasure of playing a little over that boiling fountain? Have I not wings, and am I not prudent enough to avoid accidents? Mamma, you may say what you will, I will amuse myself a little around it."

As she said this she flew away, but hardly was she over the boiling broth than her head made dizzy by the vapor, she fell into it. Before expiring she had time to pronounce the words, "Unhappy are the children who listen not to the advice of their parents."

THE PLACE YOU SHOULD SHUN.

If there is one place on earth more than another that should be shunned by the young and growing mind, it is the fashionable drinking saloon,—the place where vice and pleasure are united—the place where the glowing bowl proffers nothing but seeming bliss and joy—where fancy says enter—eat, drink and be merry, for it is a place fit for merriment and social enjoyment. But behind in disguise, is the destroyer of friends, health, happiness, and everything that is calculated to adorn the human character. He who enters, and communes with the society that there convenes, is not only in danger of corrupting his morals, and vitiating his taste, but is in danger of losing his health, and offering himself a living sacrifice to the vice of drunkenness. No vice is so likely to gain the ascendancy as when connected with pleasure. And those whose business it is to breed wickedness, and traffic on the health, and character of their fellow men have sought to connect vice and pleasure in such a manner as will be sure to work the ruin of their unfortunate victims. And to every one that would avoid a life of shame and regret, we would say, keep away from the place where fashionable drinkers resort, and spend their time and money. It will only urge you on to a step lower on the ladder of iniquity. There is the place to commence a life of drunkenness, and in nine cases out of ten, it is the place where the sot took his first glass. Shun the alluring, inviting dram-shop, where splendid fixtures are displayed to ensnare the pleasure seeking youth. Although it may gratify and please for the time, it is sure to bring regret at some future time, though external appearance is pleasing, be sure that within is the serpent upon whose tongue is a deadly poison. If you would be free from the danger of falling a victim to intemperance, shun the place where you would be tempted to take a social glass—perhaps the first glass. [Tem. Ensign.]

The object of all ambition should be, to be happy at home. If we are not happy at home we cannot be elsewhere.

INDEPENDENCE.—It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants. [Cobbett.]

KEEP IT OUT OF POLITICS.—Some persons in commenting upon the proceedings of the late annual meeting, deprecate the connecting of the temperance cause with politics.

Now, what we desire, is to meet the rum power wherever we find it, and there do it battle unto death. For twenty years we have seen that power, not only ruining our wives and daughters, and neighbors and children, unnerving the strong arm of labor and the god-like intellect, but absolutely controlling our legislature, dictating our nominations, and ruling with an iron rod all our elections. It has gone so far in politics, as not only to control its own posts, but it has well nigh subjected to its control too many temperance men among us. And yet many cry out "keep temperance out of politics." When there shall be no more rum legislation, no more rum taxation without representation, no more rum made candidates for civil office, and no more rum-elected civil officers; when the laws now existing shall be enforced, and others enacted meeting the case; when, indeed, temperance men shall cease to trample under foot temperance principles, to support their particular parties, then, and not till then, shall we begin to consider the proposition of keeping temperance out of politics.

[Tem. Protector.]

REPUBLICANISM.—Not many years since, in a handsome mansion not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, a young lady who has "high notions" of what constitutes respectability, expressed astonishment to her mother that a young lady of their acquaintance, of considerable wealth, should receive the attentions of a young carpenter and joiner.

"He is an upright and intelligent young man, I can see no objections," replied the mother.

"I don't care," returned the daughter. "I would not be seen in the street with him."

"Would you be ashamed to be seen in the street with your father?" enquired the mother.

"Why do you ask that, mother?"

"Because I can well remember when he pushed a plane," was the mother's reply.

LEGAL SCASION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The South Carolina Temperance Advocate publishes the following convictions at Columbia, by Judge Frost:

The State vs. Patrick Brennan.—Selling liquor to a slave. Recommended to mercy. Sentence, four months imprisonment and \$100 fine.

The State vs. Patrick Brennan.—Selling liquor to a slave. Six months imprisonment and \$100 fine.

The State vs. Ford.—Selling liquor to a slave. Three cases. Six months imprisonment in each case and \$100 fine.

On Monday last, *Hendrickson*, convicted on two indictments for selling liquor to slaves, was sentenced to six months imprisonment and \$100 fine in each case.

BAPTIST FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Baptist State Convention of North Carolina was held last month at Oxford. After its adjournment, the members, and others friendly to the object, held a public meeting in reference to the establishment of a Female College, to be under the patronage of the Convention. Valuable addresses were made, and much interest was manifested in the object. Measures were adopted to see it carried out. A Committee, appointed to ascertain how much money can be raised, is to report at a subsequent meeting. It is said there is every prospect of the success of the measure. [Exchange.]

There are over 4000 Princes in Germany, who receive annually from the people over two hundred millions of dollars, while a laborer works eighteen hours out of twenty-four for seventy-two cents per week.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, she should instantly discontinue tight stays, and go warmly and thickly shod when it rains.

Written for the Lily.

HENRY NEIL AND HIS MOTHER.

CONVERSATION NO. II.

Henry.—Since our last conversation I have still been thinking of the license law; now tell me mother what you think the duty of government is on this question.

Mother.—There is a great difference of opinion among even great men on this point. Some say there should be no law about it, that every one should be free to sell as much alcohol as he pleases. They see no reason why it should have more attention, or peculiar legislation, than arsenic, nuxvomica, or many other poisons. They say there is as much alcohol sold under the present laws as before. It is now done covertly, yet the laws are continually violated, but by trickery and false swearing the offenders avoid detection. Some say that those who sell should pay government something for the injury they do others, as well as for the great respect and honor they secure for themselves!

Henry.—Why pay government anything?

Mother.—Because Government must take care of all the paupers made by the rumseller, and whatever poor goose he takes in hand is generally picked pretty clean.

Henry.—But by receiving pay does not government sanction the traffic?

Mother.—Certainly, the partaker is as bad as the thief.

Henry.—But you have not told me what you think the duty of government to be in this matter.

Mother.—I think instead of playing bo-peep any longer with the rumseller, government should pass some stringent laws, forbidding altogether the distilling and importing of intoxicating drinks.

Henry.—But if this could be done where would we get what we need for medicinal purposes?

Mother.—Prestznitz tells us that cold water is the best medicine, both for the inner and the outer man and I incline to agree with him. I should feel much safer, to have you pledge me, now that you are starting in life, never "to touch, taste, or handle" the unclean thing under any circumstances than if you made an exception in case of sickness,—for I should have my fears that you would be like poor Pat who signed the pledge and never kept it. On being asked, how it was that he a temperance man got drunk every day, ah! said he, "I take it as a medicine, and faith I have never seen a well day since I took the pledge."

Henry.—But could government put down the distilleries?

Mother.—Certainly, she could do it absolutely, as Gen. Jackson put down the United States Bank, and turn the distillers out to graze, or she could buy him out, compensate him, as Great Britain did her West India planters when she emancipated their slaves, and save money in the operation.

Henry.—How could she save money?

Mother.—She could put the grain which makes the alcohol to a better purpose, also the man who makes the pauper. Political economists will all agree that grain and sober men are far better property to a state than distilleries, alcohol and rumsellers. But as the majority rules in this country, the laws will come from the people and can be no better than they are and if by some accidental advantage a virtuous minority succeed in passing a wise law, it is of no value unless the mass so regard it, and this brings us to the consideration of the superiority of moral power, over all other kinds.

Henry.—Well; how would you use moral power effectually? We have talked our political power into a thin mist, so that there seems to be no such thing unless backed up by something else; now I hope this other power has a spine of its own.

Mother.—It has. How straight it can stand, and how much it can do, shall be the subject of our next conversation.

SUN-FLOWER.

It is said that ringworms may be cured by washing the part affected in vinegar in which onions have been pickled.

For the Lily.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

How happy is the hour of twilight! Meet, eye beautifully meet, for the pure prayer to ascend to Heaven! Can there be a more fitting time to commune with our Maker than when the shadows of evening are closing around us and all things serve to remind us of him? If we contemplate the glories of the night, the transcendent loveliness of the queen of beauty, and the millions of rolling worlds moving on in their accustomed order, are we not awed by their grandeur and sublimity? and led to exclaim "How wonderful are thy works, Oh, Lord. The heavens declare thy glory, and the firmament sheweth thy handiwork!"

Night also is the time for thought, for then the mind is free from care. As the twilight shades gather around us, the swift winged messenger bears us away to the sunny haunts of childhood and ponders over the reminiscences of happy, by-gone days. Then too it recalls the memory of some fondly cherished friend who shared our childish sports and pastimes. Anon, it turns, and seeks to penetrate the curtain which is drawn between us and the shadowy future.

What is this living principle in our nature?—this thought, which although shadowed in the deepest mystery, is capable of such mighty action? Can there be a work more delightful—more soul-stirring than its cultivation and expansion? Does it not call forth the highest energies of the mind? And to what extent may it not be improved?—There are no prescribed boundaries; it is open and free as the boundless infinity of space; and if cultivated, will march onward with gigantic strides, gathering fresh laurels, adding new victories; while new fields of light hitherto unknown will present themselves to our eager and enquiring minds. And is it not a noble work thus to expand the mind in thought—to prepare an immortal soul for eternity! Nay is it not a duty we owe to the immortal spirit placed within us, which will soon return to its Creator, to live throughout eternal ages! It should be our greatest object to prepare it for its everlasting home. And is it a task? Far from it. Who would exchange the pleasure he feels when a new light has broken in upon him in the study of some science, for all the mock pleasures which glitter and enchain the sordid mind.

Let us then encourage thought; for it is the noblest—the highest attribute of man to develop that soul which the Creator has given him!

W.

ROMANCES.—It is possible (says Tissot) that of all the causes which have injured the health of women, the principal has been the prodigious multiplication of romance. From the cradle to the most advanced age, they read them with an eagerness which keeps them almost without motion and without sleep. A young girl, instead of running about and playing, reads, and perpetually reads, and at twenty becomes full of vapors, instead of being qualified for the duties of the good wife or nurse. These causes, which influence the physical, equally influence the moral man.—I have known persons of both sexes, whose constitutions would have been robust, weakened gradually by the too strong impressions of impassioned writings. The most tender romances hinder marriages, instead of promoting them. A woman while her heart is warmed by the languor of love, does not seek a husband—a hero must lay his laurels at her feet. The fire of love does not warm her heart—it only influences her imagination.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—A temperance lecturer in England a short time ago, finished his discourse thus: "And finally, my hearers, why should any of you drink ardent spirits? My son Thomas, just around the corner, has as good root beer as any in the country, and at only a sixpence a quart."

Where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellent.

HOME RELATIONS AND DEPENDANCE.

It has been said by some that our country is our home, and our countrymen brethren; by others that the world is our home, and mankind our brethren. Both assertions are true—they only differ in extension. In general we are partial to the latter, and too often for the no better reason than because there is an imaginary greatness in having a home as large as the world to dwell in, and a consequent littleness in being confined to one's own country and neighborhood. Hence the predilection to foreign customs and habits. Now we would not wish to deny our relationship to the world, but think it both unwise and impolitic to forget in this relation our own neighborhood dependence. Much might be done to direct, improve, gladden and cheer the hearts of the laboring classes in particular, if we as a people, would live less without, and more within and around us.—Let but this mode of action become more general, and we should then seldom see services rendered in the kitchen, field or work-shop, go unrequited, while at the same time donations for some foreign plan of benevolence are many and liberal. This mode of action is forcing us continually to declaim against some foreign wrong or oppression, while we are guilty of a thousand wrongs to each other. It compels us to pride ourselves much upon the freedom and efficacy of our institutions, and to deplore the want of them among other nations, whilst our youth are openly drinking largely of some moral poison, over which parental influence has long slumbered.

Society suffers from such unnatural indifference to home charities. True christian philanthropy however, will not long mistake its own proper position. But that motive of action that seeks its own glory rather than use, will ever continue to overreach itself.

Seneca Falls, Oct. 1848.

•• M.

THE BIBLE.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system than all the other books put together?—Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idol-worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters.—But this book, is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolations—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.—[Tillotson.]

THE LILY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1849.

A NEW WORDS ABOUT THE LILY.

The present number completes the circle of a year since our little sheet was first issued to the public. It was commenced, as is well known, under the auspices of the Ladies' Temperance Society of this village, and as is also well known to many in this vicinity, under many discouraging circumstances. There were however those engaged in the work who were not easily daunted by small obstacles, and the enterprise under their auspices went forward. We deem it proper however to say that since the first or second number, the labor and responsibility of the paper has devolved upon ourself alone. We have felt the weight of the responsibility and have striven to meet it with all the ability of which we were possessed. Mrs. Mattison, whose name at first appeared, in connexion with our own, withdrew from that position after the second number was issued, since which time the sole editorial charge of the paper has fallen upon ourself. For whatever has appeared in its pages therefore, since that time we alone are responsible.

The Lily was commenced without any intention of making money by its publication, and in this respect the purposes of its projectors have not been disappointed. The subscriptions received during the year have been barely sufficient to pay the heavy expenses attending its publication. More than this we have not expected. The object of those who started the enterprise was solely to aid in alleviating the sufferings of the victims and to restrain the sway of the monster Intemperance. Soul destroying as that terrible evil is, we have sought to point out the remedy for the fearful calamities it has inflicted and still inflicts upon our sex, and we have raised our voice—feeble though it be—against the guilt of those who will continue, in spite of warnings and entreaties to prosecute a business, the sole results of which are poverty, misery, disease and death to so many of their fellow beings. If in this endeavour we have done any good—if we have excited in any quarter, a new interest in Temperance Reform, if we have opened the eyes of any to their duties in this matter, if we have succeeded in arousing in the minds of any, a sense of the awful sinfulness of encouraging the use in any form, of intoxicating drinks, then our mission has been fulfilled. We ardently pray that the time may soon come when this monster Intemperance shall be banished from our free and happy country, and when the domestic circle, and the dear and near relations of social life shall no more be invaded by its ruthless assaults. Then, and not till then, will it do for woman to lay down her pen and cease to write and labor in this great and holy cause.

How far our labors are appreciated we can best judge when we see with what liberality we are sustained in our future course. That there are many who anxiously desire the continued prosperity of the paper, and who will do all that in them lies to aid us, we know well. Some however have taken the Lily this year, simply because it was a novel thing, and not from any particular regard for the temperance cause, or from any very ar-

ent desire to see woman relieved from the crushing evils which now in too many instances weigh her down. Doubtless some of those will withdraw their support, but we confidently hope that their numbers will be more than doubled by new accessions to our list.

We think that we have awakened a new interest in our little sheet which will add much to its interest and usefulness another year, and we shall also endeavor to improve its typographical appearance considerably. At least our printers promise to give us better paper than much of that used the present year.

Kind friends, we await your pleasure. It is for you to say whether we shall greet you with a "Happy New Year" a month hence. We confidently expect to do so, and that you will show your good will and approval of our decision by at once renewing your subscriptions.

ANOTHER VICTIM GONE.

Alfred Jones, a well known citizen of this place, died suddenly about two weeks since. No coroner's jury held an inquest over his remains, so we cannot say what the verdict of that honorable body would have been, but the verdict of public opinion is, KILLED BY ALCOHOL.

And who was the agent who dealt out this life-destroying poison, which has cut a brother man down in the prime of life, and consigned his loathsome corpse to the drunkard's grave, and sent his soul unprepared into the presence of its Maker?

RUMSELLERS OF SENECA FALLS, you are guilty of this man's death, and for his life you must answer if there is truth in the words of Holy Writ! You well know that the time once was, when this victim whom ye have slain was a sober man, and a member of a christian church. You well know that since he started in the downward road to intemperance he has been induced by his own inclination, aided by the kindness of friends, to abstain for months together from the use of intoxicating drinks, but through your agency again returned to his cups. You well know that time after time he has resolved to break loose from the galling chains with which you had bound him, and that he has again and again made a solemn pledge to drink no more. But alas! he was powerless in the hands of his tyrannical masters, and the more he strove to free himself the more eager you seemed to secure your prey, and determine on his destruction. And you have accomplished your purpose! You have destroyed your victim! You have sapped away his life and sent him a poor degraded drunkard to the bar of that God who has said "NO DRUNKARD SHALL ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN!" You have made his wife a widow, and his children orphans. But for you, he might now be in the enjoyment of life and health and a respected member of society. If ever man tried to reform and break loose from the curse which was on him, it was he, but all in vain. He was weak—his foes are strong. But he has gone beyond the reach of his worldly oppressors. Let those who have presented to his lips the poison, prepare to meet him at the great day of account.

TEMPERANCE MEN OF SENECA FALLS—SONS OF TEMPERANCE, are you guiltless in this matter? Did you do all that you might have done, to save

this erring brother? Did you watch his ways, and faithfully guard him from his enemies? We know that you did much—perhaps all that could be done for him, so long as the many rum holes with which our village is cursed were suffered to send out their poisonous streams. But have you done what you might to shut up these ruinous pitfalls? You know well that if these were removed, your brothers would keep the pledge, and be saved to themselves and their families; but so long as they are suffered to exist, an effort to reform is almost hopeless. You know that in our village every man who is dealing out intoxicating drinks does it without license, and in direct violation of law. You know that while you are inactive and indifferent—sleeping at your posts or deserting them altogether, the enemy against whom you profess to war is increasing in strength and laughing at your weakness. He is luring back one after another, those whom you had rescued from a living death, and plunging them lower and lower in wretchedness. Your own children too, are in danger of falling into the snare, and unless you awake soon to your duty, you will find when too late to save them that they have plunged into the fearful vortex of dissipation and ruin.

Why, then, with every incentive to action, are you so inactive? Why will you suffer these corruptors of morals, these destroyers of human life, this pauper-making, criminal-making, jail-filling class of men to carry on their work of corruption and destruction before your eyes, and in defiance of your laws? You are much stronger than they. The temperance party when they see fit to carry out their principles are greatly in the majority in this village. Then why this fear? Why this cringing to the rum power? Why not like men boldly carry out your principles, and show these law breakers that you are not to be trifled with? Oh, how inconsistent is your practice with your profession, and oh how useless all your talk, so long as you do not act.

We hope our subscribers will be prompt in sending in their names as early in the present month as possible. It is important for us to know what calculation to make, as to the number of papers necessary to supply all from the commencement of the new volume.

All papers will be stopped where the subscriptions are not renewed by the first of January. It is necessary that we take this course, in order to secure ourselves against loss; as we do not design publishing a paper at all hazards, and run the risk of being paid for it. There is a subscription list open at the Post Office in this village, where all who choose, can call and leave their names and money. We hope our friends at home—our temperance friends at least, will all take an interest in giving our little sheet that support which we have a right to expect from their liberality in every good work, and their devotion to the temperance cause.

Our subscribers in Waterloo will hereafter find their papers at the Post Office. They will by this change get them more promptly, and it will save us some trouble. Those in that place wishing to renew their subscriptions, can do so at the Post Office, as we have made an arrangement with Mr. Lucas to receive and forward them to us.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

The Syracuse Star says: The opening services of the Electric Medical College were held at Brintnall's Hall, Monday morning. Most of the Professors, and more than fifty Students were present; including among them four ladies: Mrs. Gleason, Miss Taylor, Miss Warren and Mrs. Davis. It is expected that two other ladies will join the class shortly.

We are glad to see this. We think the men have too long usurped the sole right to practice medicine, and it is time for woman to have something to say in the matter. We believe if the system of educating females for physicians be generally adopted, a great amount of suffering and death will be saved. We have too long been subjected to the impositions of Quacks, and quack medicine, and the sooner we learn enough of physiology to take care of ourselves, instead of trusting to them, the better will it be for mankind at large. It is admitted on all hands that women are naturally better calculated to watch over and nurse the sick than men; and if at the same time they understand the nature and treatment of disease, they can hardly fail of meeting with success. At any rate, we say let us have lady doctors when we need any, and the gentlemen may, if they prefer it, employ those of their own sex.

There is always something abhorrent in the thought of having to send for a man, if you are a little indisposed, and be subjected to his inquisitiveness. Many a lady we believe, had rather suffer much—and in many instances does, to her great injury—rather than undergo the necessary investigation of disease from physicians. But give her one of her own sex, and how much more easily could she unburthen her sorrows, and how much more readily would they be understood.

Again we say, we hail this new movement with delight, and we hope that ere long we shall have many a Miss Blackwell spread over the land.

MRS. KEMBLE AND HER NEW COSTUME.

There has been a great cry raised by the gentlemen from all quarters, about the male attire which Fanny Kemble is said to have adopted; and their fears seem to be excited, lest the ladies are going to contest their exclusive right to wear pantaloons. We have scarcely taken up a paper these two months but we have seen remarks on the subject, and we really gathered from them (though we never believed it) that several ladies of Lennox with Mrs. Kemble at their head, had actually paraded the streets, equipped in coats, vests and pantaloons, and all the other paraphernalia of a gentleman's dress. It turns out however, that the so much talked of, "man's clothes" which Mrs. Kemble has been guilty of putting on, is nothing more nor less than a loose flowing dress falling a little below the knees, and loose pantaloons or drawers confined to the ankle by a band or cord. This shows how very sensitive gentlemen are in regard to any infringement on what they are pleased to consider their "rights." They need have no fears however on the subject, for we very much doubt whether even Mrs. Kemble could be willing to don their ugly dress. We wish they could be content with the right of dressing as they please, and not dictate to us what

we shall or shall not wear. Every change in a lady's dress and even its color must be commented upon and criticised by the gentlemen of the press as though it were a subject of serious consideration for such superior beings as themselves to take action upon. We freely accord to them the right to their own peculiar dress, and we protest against the ladies trespassing on such rights; but at the same time we maintain that we have the right to control our own wardrobe; and when gentlemen undertake to arrange it for us they are very ill-mannered, and show that they are hard pressed for something to talk and write about.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

We notice with pleasure, that new Unions of the Daughters of Temperance are being formed in many sections, and also that those which have been in existence for some time, are in a prosperous condition. There has never been a "Union" formed in this village, and we have never had the pleasure of meeting with any of the Daughters from other places, so we know but little of their principles and objects. We regard them favorably, however, and think if their meetings are properly conducted, and the great object of their union kept in view and acted upon, they may be productive of great good both to themselves and the world around them.

We should be glad if some one capable of doing the subject justice, would give us and our readers as much of an insight into the principles of the Order as can consistently be done without letting out the secrets. We should take pleasure in giving any information concerning them which may be furnished us.

THE CADETS.—We think this class of youth-reformers have been too much overlooked and neglected, by those who should have hailed their movement with delight, and in every way encouraged them to persevere in the good cause they have chosen to pursue. The "Sons" especially, are greatly to blame for their indifference on the subject. They are the guardians of these youthful bands, and it should be their study to watch over and guard them from every evil—to give them good counsel and advice, and by their presence and approval cheer them on in the paths of temperance and virtue. They are not only pledged to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, but they abjure the use of tobacco also; profane swearing too, we believe, is disallowed. Could the youth of our land grow up wedded to such principles, how glorious would be the result! We look upon the rejection of tobacco by them, as a happy feature in their constitution. The use of this poisonous and filthy weed is becoming so general that almost every boy who has seen a half dozen years, thinks himself qualified to suck the "delicious fragrance" from a cigar. That feat even seems to have become the passport to manhood, and hence we see many half grown upstarts, who had better be learning lessons in good behavior at home, strutting through the streets with a roll of the vile stuff held daintily between the teeth. Something should be done if possible, to arrest this growing evil. It is destructive to health, and in too many instances goes hand in hand with the intoxicating

cup. We know of no better way, of remedying, than that adopted by the Cadets, they were but encouraged to hold fast to the noble principles of their pledge, we should hope that in time these abominations would cease.

We are gratified to see that many of the Societies are thriving, and a determination seems to prevail among them to carry out in full the design of their organization. They have some choice spirits to lead them, whom if we mistake not, will ere many years stand out as noble examples of the good wrought by their association.

Courage, brave boys! Stand fast in the noble cause which you have espoused. Falter not, nor weary of your work! You have a great, a glorious work to perform, and if you are faithful to the vow you have taken upon yourselves, you will in due time reap your reward.

SKETCHES OF REFORMS AND REFORMERS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—By H. B. Stanton. New York: John Wiley, 1849.

We have been favored by the author with a copy of this admirably executed work. We do not pretend to be qualified to speak very critically of its merits, but we certainly have found it a very interesting book. It presents a large amount of information in an attractive form, which cannot fail to interest every reader, and is well calculated to lead to a more extended study of the interesting subjects to which it relates; which are the reforms and reformers of England and Ireland. These reforms and reformers—and especially the latter, the writer brings vividly before us, and thus we are brought in near acquaintance with names whose renown has filled the world. Howard and Wilberforce, Elizabeth Fry and Mary Howitt, Daniel O'Connell and Father Matthew, with others among the true nobility of the two kingdoms—noble because distinguished by noble actions and heroic devotion to the rights of man—find in these pages just and honorable commendation. Oh! that the spirit which actuated and still actuates many of the reformers of England might find an abiding place in the hearts of their countrymen. Then might we hope that the empire over which Victoria rules, would ere long be distinguished not alone for its power, its wealth, and the grinding taxation which ekes out the very life blood of its toiling millions, but for its enlarged philanthropy, its enlightened freedom, and the universal diffusion through all ranks of the blessings of education, liberty and true religion.

For sale at the bookstores in this village.

Vice in all its forms is hideous and disgusting to the truly virtuous mind; but of all the vices to which men are subject we look upon Intemperance as the worst. And this is so for the reason, that it prepares the way for all others. It leads directly to idleness and dissipation, to extravagance and waste, to irreligion and wickedness, to the neglect of all the social duties of life, and positive enactments of civil society. Oh, how loathesome, how abhorrent to all our finer sensibilities is this terrible vice, and yet with all its deformity before them there are thousands who not only will not raise a hand or speak a word to arrest its progress, but who yield themselves up willing victims to this awful scourge!

Forgiveness is the odor which sweet flowers yield when trampled upon.

SUN FLOWER AND THE LILY.

We give place with pleasure to the following copy of "Sun Flower" to our remarks in the November number. We meant not to draw comparisons—to reflect upon her obscurity, or lack of the Lily's nobility. We only thought of her in her lofty and dignified state, looking down upon those who aim not to rise so high; and we thought perhaps it might be in pride, and with a feeling of her own consequence, that she regarded those beneath her. It never occurred to us, that notwithstanding her exalted position, she might be pining from neglect, and looking with envy on her more lowly neighbors. But she is not the only one who suffers from seeing her virtues pass unnoticed, while others not half as worthy, though perhaps more lovely to look upon, are courted and admired. We are glad she has spoken in self defence, and that while she acknowledges the beauty of the Lily, she lays claim to consideration on account of her usefulness.

We take the hint thus delicately conveyed, and trust we shall ever remember that those flowers which are sweetest, and most beautiful to the eye, are of less importance than many which we pass by unheeded, or trample beneath our feet. Beauty will soon fade and lose its sweets, but real worth will live long after its possessor has passed away.

DEAR LILY:—Have no fears, that the Sun Flower will grow proud, and presume upon thy condescension. I humbly feel the immense distance there is between me and the royal Lily. Of your numerous family, all splendid in appearance and strikingly beautiful,—of your eastern descent from a noble stock—of the devotion shown you by the chivalrous French—of the prominent place you have ever held in emblematic language, all this is known to me. In the middle ages, and in modern times too, the white Lily has been the emblem of chastity; hence the Virgin Mary is represented with it in her hand. The Lily, or rather the Fleur de lis, as is well known, is the emblem of the Bourbons and many other noble families; but time would fail me to enumerate all the tributes to thy loveliness, paid thee by aristocrats of all times and countries. I on the contrary, pass unnoticed and unknown. No noble blood runs in my veins, and my walk through life has thus far been obscure, though possessed of so many noble virtues and valuable properties. The utilitarian tells you that the seeds of the sun-flower are excellent nourishment for poultry and cage birds, and an edible oil has also been expressed from them. Flora, who seems to love flowers for the sentiment they express, tells us the sun-flower is most pure and lofty in her aspirations—one of nature's own nobility. "Faithfulness and purity" is her motto. As to the gender of which you inquire, the sun-flower like all other flowers, is both masculine and feminine. This particular one who now basks in the smiles of the royal Lily, is feminine. Though a lonely stranger here, yet have I a country and a home. I am a native of Peru, and my unceasing as far back as I can trace them, have lived under a republic. One would think that here, where we hear so much boasting about democracy, an humble person from a sister republic might be treated with more consideration. But in vain I raise my head above the earth; fix my eye on the sun himself, and faithfully turn to him wherever he goes. No one assigns to me a place in his garden, there to greet my sister flowers. No fair one plucks me for the china vase, to decorate the gorgeous hall. No lover sends me in a rich bouquet to cheer the lonely hours of his fair Dulcinea. No errant knight wears me in his button-hole. The Great West makes no "pet" of me. Tell me then,

dear Lily, how could you fear that one would grow proud, so wholly unnoticed and unpraised as is the *Ms. Stanton* Sun Flower.

For the Lily.

Mrs. BLOOMER:—As the close of the year approaches, I feel some solicitude about your future success. Thus far, for one so wholly inexperienced, you have done well both in your editorial and financial department, for I am told you have met all expenses, and have conducted the paper for the past year unaided and alone.

I am glad that you now purpose to continue it for another year. I trust your subscription list will be promptly renewed,—no one should wait to be asked, for as the Lily now has some six or eight hundred subscribers, it would be no small labor to call on each individual for his name and fifty cents.

We are all interested in the success of this paper—but more especially is woman. The Lily pleads her cause in two ways. First, by a continued warfare on one of the greatest enemies of her domestic peace—intemperance; and next, by a practical manifestation of woman's capacity to feel, to think, to act; and by the eloquence of her pen to do much for suffering humanity. Those who claim to be interested in what they call "woman's rights," should do what they can to sustain this paper, for although its pages may not be filled with that subject, yet the fact that its editor is a woman, is a great argument on that side of the question; then too, the interests of the whole human family are so linked together that whatever is done for the elevation of one class effects all. Every revolution of the moral world brings for woman a brighter and a happier day. As a general thing, "Prophets have no honor in their own country." Exotics are more beautiful, more cherished, than native plants. The Lily however, seems to have been an exception to this rule, for the Senecas as a tribe have rallied round her standard, and nobly sustained her. But there have been, as there always are, some hypercritical ones, who have laughed and sneered at the Lily, ever since it first took a name and a place in our midst.

Some have found fault with its name, and some with the size of its brain.

As to the first, the Lily may in process of time be wooed, and won by some gifted son of Adam, (some other reform may find a place in her affections,) then, according to the laws of our land, she must change her name.

As to her brain, that too is hopeful, for Phrenologists tell us "the brain is like the hand and grows with using." If this be true, the men and women of Seneca Falls ought to do all they can to strengthen and encourage the Lily to greater activity, for she may yet be so distinguished on the earth, that travellers in passing through our country will visit this spot with interest, as the birth-place of the Lily. It is but fair that we who shall then shine in her reflected glory, should now labor to make smooth paths for her to tread on her way to the Temple of Fame.

Ms. E. Stanton SAM.
[We wish "Sam" had given his whole name; we have so many Sam's on our subscription list that we are puzzled to know to which of them we are indebted for the above.—ED. LILY.]

AUBURN.—Our subscribers in Auburn can leave their subscriptions with I. F. TERRILL, Esq., who will act as our agent in that place. We cherish the hope that the number of our subscribers there may be doubled.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.—We are pleased to learn that a series of temperance meetings have been determined upon, and that our clergymen of different denominations have been engaged to deliver addresses on the subject. Meetings at the Sons Hall on Tuesday evenings, weekly.

For the Lily.

"Death teaches us many lessons,
Hard to bear;
And most of all, the loss of those
Who loved us."

Not lost those loved ones,—but to purer climes,
Their spotless spirits now are borne on angel wings,
And there in robes of light await our coming.
They're guardian spirits now,—and with their
Golden Harps and Robes of purity, are vigils keeping
Over loved ones, left behind,—yes! Death doth us
A lesson teach—"Be ye also ready."

How often do we hear the remark that such and such an one has lost a friend; much, very much is conveyed in that one word, *lost*, and it implies more than is intended, many times where it is used. When applied to the death of a friend, we mean they have been called home—have left our society for purer joys above,—have joined in that choir of blest spirits among whom are perhaps those with whose voices they had once joined in singing praises to God here below. No, they are not lost, but gone to inherit the house prepared for them, "a house not made with hands eternal in the Heavens." What unutterable anguish would take possession of our hearts, as the spirit of a dear friend takes its departure from the clay tenement, did we believe that spirit was lost! that no evidence was left that the pure spirit had gone to its heavenly home. God be praised for His mercy to us in preparing a way of salvation. Our friends are taken from us, but that is a blessed hope, that they have gone where we may go to them, although they cannot come to us. And who may know but that they are even now hovering near us as guardian spirits,—that their love for us is far greater than when with us here below. Let us then be cheered by the thought, and so live that by the grace and mercy of God we may one day gain those dear ones, in the mansions above.

Can we not be instrumental in the hand of God, in saving some from being lost by exerting a saving influence over those who seem to be fast hastening in the road to destruction? We believe we can, and joyful is the thought. But how many are there who both by precept and example, are lending their influence to destroy families and friends, and perhaps the souls of those whom they should hold most dear. How will that father feel who is a vender of intoxicating drinks, when he beholds an only and idolized son brought to a drunkard's grave! Will he not cry, "He is lost! he is lost! and I have done it!" Oh! what anguish and bitter remorse will fill his heart! and can he be comforted? He cannot restore his son, yet, by repentance and turning from his wicked course, he may save others from a like fate,—then when he shall be called to stand by their death-bed, he will feel that by the blessing of God on his example, they are saved. Let it be our aim then to so exert our influence as shall be instrumental in saving both in this world and the world to come.

H. A. A.

Rochester, 1849.

THE LADY'S BOOK for January is just received. We have not time or room for an extended notice, and can only say that it is a *splendid* number. It will make a beautiful gift book for the New Year, and we would commend it to the attention of all those wishing to make such gifts.—They are kept for sale at our bookstores.

We notice with pleasure that Mrs. SWISS-HELM, the able and fearless editor of the *Pittsburgh Visitor*, has so far recovered from her recent severe illness as to be able to resume her editorial duties. May she long be spared to wield her pen in defence of the rights of her sex.

H. M. Eastman, O. H. Wheeler, and R. E. Hills, your letters and the sums enclosed were duly received. Many thanks to you all.

Poisoned Wine.

Let others fill the sparkling bowl
And drink their "ruby wine"—
But why should we imbrute the soul
With compounds so malign?

A drug! made up of deadly things!—
More fatal than the sword—
It kills each victim that it brings
Around the festive board.

Can love exist—or friendship stay
Where lust and frenzy reign?
Can reason hold its wonted sway
When madness fires the brain?

O no! there's poison in that cup!—
Disease and black despair!
And all will find—who drain it up—
That death and woe are there!

Then let us leave the gay carouse,
Nor look upon the wine,
Let water only have your vows;
All other drinks resign.

Why waste thine hours, O generous youth!
Beside the mad'ning bowl?
Go seek the power of Love and Truth
Let Reason have control.

Let virtue trace her bright career,
And Honor lead you on;
Then you will shed no painful tear,
When life's last sand is gone, E. M. C.

THE WIDOW'S WILL.

A True Tale.

BY REV. A. M. SCOTT.

It was a bitter night. The snow had been falling in fleecy flights during the greater portion of the day, and the cold was so intense that little business of any kind had been prosecuted by the industrious and enterprising citizens of the village. Night had succeeded day. The snow and sleet were still descending, and the spirit of the storm seemed to howl around the house, and through the fields and orchards and forests, and among the mountains.

Mr. Rowland had returned from the counting house at an earlier hour than usual. Supper had been served, and the family had gathered around the sparkling fire. The children had been put to bed in an adjoining apartment, and the infant was sleeping in the cradle under the immediate notice of its mother. Mr. Rowland was reading a newspaper, and as the fitful blast moaned round his commodious dwelling, he would make some remark relative to the severity of the weather. Mrs. R. was parting the flaxen curls upon the head of the sleeping babe, and occasionally she imprinted the warm kiss of maternal affection upon its ruddy cheek.

Suddenly some one rapped at the door. It was opened, when a little girl of about seven years old was admitted. Her scanty dress was tattered and torn, a ragged quilt thrown around her slender shoulders, and a pair of miserable old shoes upon her feet. She was almost frozen.

"You are the widow Watkins' little daughter?" said Mrs. Rowland, inquiringly.

The little girl answered in the affirmative, and added that her mother was sick, and wished Mr. Rowland to step over and see her, for she thought she would surely die.

Mr. Rowland owned the place on which the sick woman resided. She was very indigent, and but poorly able to pay the extravagant rent which the unfeeling owner exacted. The property was once her husband's, or rather her own; being a gift from her father on the very day of her wedding. Mr. Watkins was wealthy when a young man, and educated for the bar, and no one seemed more likely to be successful in his profession.

He and Mr. Rowland were early associates. The latter, a few years before the period at which we now find him, had commenced the nefarious traffic in ardent spirits—had grown rich—had induced Watkins to drink—made him drunk, and by degrees, a DRUNKARD; and when the poor besotted victim was unable to pay his debts, contracted mostly for rum, but partly by neglecting his professional duties, he, his former associate, his pretended friend, his destroyer, was the first to decry and oppress him. His horses and oxen were sold by the sheriff, next his household and kitchen furniture were seized, and finally, a mortgage was given to Rowland upon the homestead of the drunkard, to secure the rum-dealer in the payment of a pitiful balance in his favor.

This calamity did not check the prodigal career of the inebriate. He still quaffed the liquid poison, and still did the heartless dealer hold out inducements to prevail upon him to sink lower into wretchedness and shame. A few weeks after, he was one morning found dead in the street. He had left the grocery at a late hour the preceding night, in a state of intoxication. The night was dark, and he probably missed his way—fell into the gutter—found himself unable to get out—and being stupefied with rum, he went to sleep and froze to death.

Rowland in a short time foreclosed the mortgage, and the home of the drunkard's wife became the legal property of the man who had destroyed her peace, and reduced her to beggary and want. He permitted her to remain on the premises, exacting an extravagant rate of rent. Mental anguish, excessive labor, want of proper nourishment, and exposure, had well nigh worn her out, and she was fast sinking into the grave, where the weary are at rest. No one had been near her; no one seemed to care for her; in fact it was not known even to her nearest neighbors, that she was sick.

Mr. Rowland felt anxious, only for his rent, there being at that time a small sum due. And perhaps it was owing to this circumstance, that he so readily consented to accompany the little girl to the room of her sick mother. He drew on his overcoat, tied a woolen comforter round his neck, drew on his gloves, and taking his umbrella, set out through the drifting snow and sleet, and bent his way to the widow's uncomfortable home.

He found her lying on a miserable bed of straw, with her head slightly elevated, the only chair belonging to the house being placed under her pillow. She was pale and ghastly, and evidently near the hour of dissolution. Mr. Rowland being seated on a rude wooden stool, she said in a feeble but decided tone of voice,

"I have sent for you, sir, to pay me a visit, that I may make you the heir to my estate. My estate? I know you are ready to ask what estate I have to bequeath? And well may you ask that. I was once happy. This house was once mine; it was my father's gift—my wedding portion. I had horses and oxen, cows and sheep, and orchards and meadows. 'Twas you that induced my poor erring husband to drink. It was you who placed before him the liquid poison, and pressed him to take it. 'Twas you that took away my horses and cows, and meadows and orchards, and my own home. 'Twas you that ruined my peace, destroyed my husband, and in the very noon of life, sent him down to a drunkard's dishonored grave. 'Twas you that made me a beggar, and cast my poor starving babes upon the charity of a pitiless world. I have nothing left but these ragged quilts; them you do not want—yet I have determined to bequeath you my estate. Here, sir, is my last will and testament; I do bequeath you this vial of tears. They are tears that I have shed—tears that you have caused. Take this vial; wear it about your vile person; and when, hereafter, you present the flowing bowl to the lips of a husband and father, remember that you are inheriting another vial of widow's tears."

An hour more, and the poor widow, the widow of a thousand sorrows, the once favored child of

fortune, the once lovely and wealthy bride, the once affectionate wife and devoted young mother, lay cold and senseless in death, and her soul had been summoned to that God who has said, "vengeance is mine and I will repay."

Commend us to the man who pays the printer promptly. He is the true friend and patron of reform. Those empty-mouthed fellows who take papers and never pay for them, are the heaviest clogs to the wheels of progress. The man who neglects or refuses to pay the printer is a hinderance to the spread of intelligence; and is fit only to live in Russia. The newspaper borrower, is, if possible, worse than the one who subscribes but never pays. Both will come to a bad end. [Philadelphia City Items.]

IDLENESS.—It is a mistake to imagine, that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Temperance is the guardian of youth; intemperance the enemy to youth, virtue and happiness.

THE LILY.

A Monthly Periodical, devoted to Temperance and Literature.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LADIES.

The second Volume of the Lily will commence on the first day of January, 1850. It is devoted to the cause of Temperance and moral and religious Literature. It is edited and published by Ladies, and to Ladies it will appeal mainly for support. It is woman that speaks, and she will strive to be heard through the columns of the LILY, and it will be one of the main objects of its conductors and writers, to arouse her more effectually to use her influence in arresting the terrible evils of Intemperance,—to point out and sustain her true position in society—to assert and maintain her just rights, and to open a medium through which her thoughts and aspirations may be developed.

While it is intended that the advocacy of Temperance shall be the paramount object in the publication of the Lily, yet LITERATURE will take a prominent place on its pages. Chastening in its influence—ennobling the mind—expanding the intellect with knowledge—a beautiful and appropriate hand maid is given to Temperance by this association.

The LILY will be published on the first of each month, and promptly transmitted to subscribers. Should the number of subscribers be sufficiently large to warrant it, it may be published twice a month, for a part of the year. It will be printed on good paper, of fair quarto size.

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All subscriptions MUST be paid IN ADVANCE.—Communications, and letters, containing money, or otherwise, should be addressed (post paid) to "The Publishers of the Lily," or to

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor,
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

November 1, 1849.

Temperance House,
AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no effort will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.
Jan. 22, 1849.